

ONE STORE LESS.

Our competition across the way have packed their goods and chattels and like the stars of the morning have faded and gone. The goods that the people bought may have been good goods and the people may have no kick coming. In any event, the store is no longer open to them and if they have been disappointed it will be just as well to say nothing about it.

THE CASH DEPARTMENT STORE

is still here, where it has been for years past and where it will be for years to come, if the people favor us with a share of their patronage. Heavy taxes are paid year after year, and our interests are the interests of the people. We came here to stay some time and are still staying. We have Dry Goods and Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings to suit the seasons and purse of the buyer. Come when you want an honest deal.

Cash Department Store

Silk Shirt Waists

THEY ARE ALL { NEW.
NEW STYLE.
WELL MADE.

But we don't want them all. They are here for sale, and for sale cheap. We deduct just one-quarter of the price from them and sell for 75 cents on the \$1.00.

Now's a good time to get just the color, size and style you want.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

TO CLOSE THEM OUT

WE OFFER THIS WEEK

\$1.50 White Shirt Waists at 65c.

These waists were advertised in last week's New North at 80c.

They are but few left and they are yours at the price named.

LAWNS AND DIMITIES AT COST.

We will have our fall new fall stock in now before long, and we want you to hold off purchasing until it arrives. It will pay you to wait.

SOLBERG & KOLDEN:

WHO SAYS THIS IS NOT A FARMING DISTRICT?

TWO CARLOADS { Champion Mowers
and Binders,
Thomas Hay Rakes
and Tedders.

THE BEST ON EARTH IS OUR MOTTO.

LEWIS HARDWARE CO., RHINELANDER, WIS.

PROF. LOWELL MAKES A FEW SUGGESTIONS

OFFERED AT RECENT MEETING OF
BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Recommends the Hiring of a Teacher of
Music and Drawing—Several Members
of the Board are in Favor of a Kinder-
garten Department—Janitors Engaged
for the Several Buildings.

A special meeting of the board of education was held last Friday evening at the council chambers, called for the purpose of fixing the length of the school term for the ensuing year.

The committee on janitors recommended the following candidates for janitors for the several schools: McCord, Peterson, South Park, A. J. Wilcox, Curran, Henry Hagen, High school, John Greenwood. It was also recommended that the janitors be engaged at the same wages as last year and that the janitor of the High school be engaged by the month, commencing July 1st, 1901. The report of the committee was adopted.

It was decided by the board to grant some responsibility to the members of the board of education of a room in the High school or Curran building as a private library during the vacation months, particularly taking room to furnishery, library. There is strong talk among some of the members of the board of making a kindergarten department to our city schools.

The following report from F. A. Lowell, principal of schools, was read:

SCHOOL BOARDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It seems fitting to bring before you some facts regarding the school work of the past year that you may more intelligently act regarding some measures for the coming year. We believe much good work has been done during the short period it has been in session, but the great number of changes in the corps of teachers and the shortness of the school year have prevented the accomplishment of all that was hoped and desired. Of course it is impossible to accomplish in even one-half month the work intended for nine months. So in all grades it has been necessary to leave unfinished the half now to be completed next fall. This especially abounds in the 5th and 6th grades and in the High school, where we lack the work of finishing a study and must go back to the old work next year before taking up the new. A big month's school in Sept. and continue until the middle of June would do much to correct this. I hope this may be accomplished. I am not in favor of a longer year for I fully realize that after teachers and pupils have steadily worked nine and one-half months very little is accomplished during the last days of June. It scarcely seems advisable to spend the city's money without value received.

The school system of today is complex in the extreme. We are to count our eyes over the educational work of the past 50 years we could scarcely realize the many changes that have taken place. The simple district who has given way to a complex system with a supervisor at the head. Much educational literature has been written, certain definite principles have been established, while much teaching a profession as much as law or medicine. Consequently we must have professionals to carry out the work. Those who have not given the work a careful study, say, "any intelligent graduate is qualified." Our High schools are not professional and are for no such purpose. They are to give general non technical education. Could we expect the average boy or girl to practice medicine after taking a High school degree? Then why does this prepare him to teach. With the complex work it is evident that we must have trained minds and those especially well versed in educational literature to do school work. To get such teachers we must go to the professional schools. The much farce is shown unqualified home teachers by the thinking few. The masses of our payers have little patience with an uneducated home teacher when 40 or 50 boys and girls are hungering and thirsting after knowledge. Such dooms are hardly negligible many children and youths live in the temporary, precarious gains of a single individual or family. The school system is the selection of teachers like the spoils system in general politics. The result caused by the selection of the few is more than compensated by the unfavorable comment of the rejected few and their numerous friends. In selection of teachers there is but one rational basis, high standard of requirement and the best fitted to the place, irrespective of local favoritism. Yet I am inclined to give the inexperienced in our schools a thorough trial and a show in recommending the removal of teachers.

Our schools are to form a great system, one must most dominate them. All parts must work together to sustain the unity of the whole. The under teacher who knows more than her superior should be removed that she may secure elsewhere a position for which her master mind is fitted. The working investigation of modern school methods, together with the modern methods of industry have revealed the three-fold nature of the child in one intellectual, moral and physical. More, they have demonstrated the fact that the foundation of child nature is activity, the root of all knowledge. Consequently, the oldest and best schools have established kindergartens and manual training work in the grades to cultivate hand and eye. In the upper grades manual training has been a great incentive for a boy to remain in school and has in no way hindered his intellectual development. Along the line of the training of hand, a technical course in tailoring, drawing may be made the foundation of considerable work. A guiding mind in music and drawing would do much to aid the teacher and give our children new inspiration. How much a teacher would relieve the problem of discipline and greatly aid our pupils in general culture. I do hope the board may see their way clear to give this plan a trial. It is a rock in our modern educational work. One more thing in connection with this subject. It is very gratifying that the board fully realizes that artistic tastes are greatly cultivated by artistic surroundings. Already something has been done to beautify our school rooms with pictures and we hope to accomplish much this summer in beautifying our school grounds.

The necessity for a systematic course of study in the hands of each teacher has caused much silent energy. I do hope the board will recommend a new catalogue to be prepared and printed ready for the opening of the new school year.

The sentiments of this paper are not given in a spirit of dictation but simply by way of expression as our principal new matter is our public school system. It is believed and hoped that the board will take them in the

spirit in which they are intended. There must be the fullest cooperation between board and principal. So far as I am aware, it has existed during the past year and I hope may continue. I wish to thank you for making possible the good that may have been done this year.

Yours truly,

F. A. LOWELL.

It was decided to open the city schools the first week in September and close the middle of June, making school year of nine and a half months.

Some of the members of the board are considering seriously the advisability of engaging a music and drawing teacher, as recommended in the report of Prof. Lowell. The matter was referred to the following committee with instructions to report at the next meeting of the board: Sotom, Divers, Ashton.

It was moved and carried that the matter of a school catalogue be referred to the committee on school government and rules with instructions to report at the August meeting.

The president of the board appointed Com. Sutton in place of Com. Carr as a member of the committee on school buildings and grounds.

LOST WHEEL IS FOUND

Bike Rented From Nic. Skerfuski Was Re-
turned as Per Agreement—Left
With a Neighbor.

That we must never express publically our opinion as to a man's honesty, unless we have sufficient proof to make an assertion, was never illustrated more completely than in the little incident which surrounds the supposed stolen bicycle report, made public by N. F. Sherfuski, the Stevens St. bicyclist, last week. The story of the absconding as given to The New North, by Mr. Sherfuski, was published in full in the columns of this journal last week, and is therefore no doubt familiar to our readers. True it was that the gentleman entered Mr. Sherfuski's place of business, as stated, and rented the wheel, but he also returned the same when 11 o'clock, for which time it was rented, and it happened that Mr. Sherfuski failed to be in. Fearing that the bicycle would be in great danger of being stolen if left on the exterior of the shop, the young fellow left it at the store of James McLean, situated near Nic's shop. In the rush of business matters Mr. McLean forgot to make known the fact to Mr. Sherfuski, who in the meantime had caused to be sent over the surrounding country descriptions of the wheel and the supposed thief, together with a reward of five dollars for its safe return. Hearing of the disappearance of the wheel last Friday morning, Mr. McLean made haste, to let Nic know of the wheel's return to his store, and acquaint him with the circumstances. It is needless to say that Nic felt like the proverbial "thirty cents" when told the story and says that in the future he will refrain from being so hasty in his judgment of humanity.

CLAUDE SPENCER KILLED.

Former Rhinelander Young Man Meets
Death on Saw Road East of Here.

Claude Spencer, a well known "Saw" line brakeman, met a sad death while in the discharge of his duties on that road last week at Marquette, Mich. While not just exactly known how the disaster came about it is the supposition in this city that he fell between the cars while switching. However, we have no definite proof as to the exactness of this report, aside from rumor. Mr. Spencer was an unmarried man, about twenty-five years ago. Claude had a number of friends in the city among the railroad boys who are very much grieved to learn of his sad demise. In the railroad circles he was known to his associates as a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word.

A LIVELY RAILWAY.

Team Attacked & Battered Wagon Taken
a Sprint Down Brown St.

A team of horses attached to one of W. F. Hall's ice wagons ran away last Saturday afternoon, starting from the greenhouse on upper Brown street, taking a lively sprint down that thoroughfare. While rounding the corner by the green house, everything was left behind but the front wheel. Away the team went with a rapidity that resembled a streak of lightning. The giant was the only person to suffer any loss. His Nellie, attached to a drag, was standing in front of the Lewis hardware store. The front wheel of the ice wagon came in contact with the rear wheel of the drag with terrific force, turning the big in the opposite direction from which it was standing, tearing it seven feet further down the street in a dilapidated condition. Other rigs tied along the street narrowly escaped being struck.

Called Here by Accident to See.

John Weber, of Mercer, was a visitor in the city Thursday of last week, having been called here by a telegram announcing the serious condition of his son John Jr., who was in the train wreck on the M. T. & W. railway near Pratt Jct. last week. John Jr. experienced a broken collar bone, and several bruises about the head which proved very painful. John left Thursday morning, enroute for Tomahawk, where the company's surgeon at that place made him as comfortable as possible. Mr. Weber returned to his home at Mercer on the afternoon of the same day, while here he renewed several old acquaintances.

Former Bedder Killed.

A telegram was received in this city Wednesday evening of last week from Laporte, Ill., to Chris Hanley, of the north side, announcing the death of his brother, Tom Hanley, at that place. While at work in a sawmill in the Minnesota lumber town running an edger, he was struck in the forehead by a piece of lumber and was instantly killed. The body was brought here for interment. The deceased leaves a wife and two small children. Mr. Hanley's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Sunne, of the north side.

Bowling Wrecks.

New records were established in the bowling alleys the first of the week which detract considerably from the high score made by Walter Schleiman when the alleys were first opened to the public. Elmer Cope, one of the attackees of the place, ran up a score of 221 and shortly afterward that Mosher rolled up 218. The highest score for the "cocked

FARMER KILLED BY THE SOUTH-BOUND LIMITED

FRANK SELNER MET DEATH NEAR
CITY SATURDAY NIGHT.

Struck By Train While on the Way to His
Farm South-East of the City—Accident
Occurred at Tressle Town City Limits—
Body Brought to Town—Inquest Held—
Leaves Wife and Three Children.

Frank Selner, a farmer about 45 years of age, residing near the Mike Gibson farms, miles south-east of the city, was killed last Saturday night. It is supposed that he met his death by being struck by the North-Western limited, which arrives in this city at 11:15 o'clock. This is the supposition for the reason that it was noticed that the man's watch had stopped at 11:15. Just about the time the train reached the point where the accident occurred, which was near the tressle just below the south-east city limits.

The lifeless body was not discovered until about 9 o'clock Sunday morning. It was observed first by J. E. Olson, who, with his wife and child, were on their way to Clear Lake for a outing. He called F. E. Parker, who, with his wife, were enroute to Lake City to spend the day. It was reported that Selner had been in the city after the departure of the limited, but this seems to be a mistake. Prescott Calkins saw the man leave Brown street about 9 o'clock and start from town in the direction of his home.

Selner had evidently started down the railroad track for his home, and the general belief is that he sat down on the track at the point above mentioned, for when he was found, one of his shoes had been removed. He was struck on one of the legs and was knocked about forty feet, the fall breaking his neck. Soon after the body was discovered it was brought to the city and taken to the undertaking establishment of F. A. Hildebrand to await an inquest, which was held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The theory that Selner was killed by the limited was exploded at the inquest when Andrew Mohr testified that he had seen the man at 12 o'clock, a half an hour before his time. In such event Selner must have been struck by the south-bound freight train at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

Selner is survived by a wife and three children, who are left in rather poor circumstances.

CROOKS VISIT OUR CITY

Sharers From the Marinette Fair Tarry
With Us on Their Homeward Journey—
Police Spotted Them.

Rhinelander got a little of the after effects of the Marinette Street Fair, in that a number of the crooks and gentlemen who live by their wits made their homeward journey this way. Two of the number seem to excel in their line. At least the authorities here that they were liable to do the unsavory people of Rhinelander, and to look out for them. The two were spotted before word came from Marinette, and did not financial damage to those they associated with, as they confined their efforts to traveling men and such as is known to have none with both the inclination and the money. They stayed at the Fuller House three days and industriously canvassed for business. Luck was against them, however, and they left for the unfertilized fields. They were both well-known crooks, of the confidence game order, and unlike the business man or merchant, they are suffering from the advertising they have had.

ONLY FARMERS CAN BUY.

Large Land Owners Make an Important De-
cision—Will Sell Only to Settlers.

The Beldor-Fish Land Company, which owns between fifteen and twenty thousand acres of land in Vilas and Oneida counties, has decided to sell any of their holdings in tracts hereafter. They will sell directly to the settler, and are now arranging to do an extensive business in the line of advertising and soliciting farmers for their lands.

The rapid development of farms about the city and the great future of this country and immediate country as an agricultural section makes the building of a custom mill one of the best of present opportunities for capital. To the farmers already here it would prove a welcome incentive to grain raising and its value as an investment would be greater than the present demands. There would be plenty of business for a good sized custom mill today. Some time Rhinelander will manufacture a great deal of flour. When the Pelican Rapids are harnessed and ample power is available, this city will be a splendid point for flour mills. The transit rate on the Soo Line would allow of making a Minnesota or Dakota hard wheat flour here as well and a heavy wheats are at any point, Minneapolis included, while the local grains will furnish a good sized business for custom mills which will constantly increase in volume. The present need is for the latter and if this article should reach the eye of someone in that business who needs a more profitable business than his location affords, let him come to Rhinelander and look over the situation. Better still, let each of our citizens who are interested in such matters, set up an establishment, know of the opening here.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Recorded With the Register of Deeds for
Week Ending Tuesday, July 16.

Following are the real estate transfers in Oneida county for the week ending Tuesday, July 16, as recorded in the office of the register of deeds:

Albert Landrea, to Nels Bergman, lot No. 22, Twp. 35, E. 29.

Carl E. Hall to Frank Federer, SW. 1/4, Twp. 37, E. 11 E. SW. Sec. 28, Twp. 37, E. 11 E., SW. Sec. 4, Twp. 37, E. 11 E.

Thomas Walker to Bernard Lor, lot No. 8, Block 2, South Park district, lot 17, Section 1, Township of Rhinelander.

Samuel Frazee to Stephen McLean, lot No. 17, Block 2, Township of Rhinelander.

Bernard Lor, to L. Peter Green, lot No. 28, Twp. 37, E. 29.

Tallers Enjoy an Outing.

A pleasurable party was enjoyed a week ago last Saturday by the tallers of the city and their families at Lake Julia. Mention should have been made of the little gathering in our town of last week, but by an oversight we failed to do so. The party was gotten up by A. C. Daniels.

Following are those who were present and enjoyed the day: Will Matt and wife, Ernest Krueger and family, Herman Holt and family, Sol Johnson and family, Dick Hamilton, Mr. Monteil, Bob, Hampson, Peter N. Johnson and wife, Goss, Leonard, the party spent the entire day fishing and in various ways of amusement. Patabals were taken along and dinner was spread under the shade of a maple pine. Will Matt took honor by catching a four pound bass.

Players Cut Off in Fishing Mill.

Herren Fritz is minus part of two fingers on his right hand. They were taken off yesterday morning while he was at work on a surfacing machine in the planting mill of Wilson, Ironson & French. Dr. Stone dressed the abraded member and made the unfortunate gentleman as comfortable as possible. While the injury was bad enough, Mr. Fritz can congratulate himself that it was not more serious.

NEW NORTH.

REVERE'S FARMING COMPANY

SHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN

A WEEK'S HISTORY

The Important Happenings of a Week Briefly Told.

IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNION

All the Latest News of Interest from Washington, From the East, the West and the South.

THE LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES

FROM WASHINGTON.

A census office bulletin shows that 25,411,698 people in the United States live in cities and towns of over 4,000 population.

Gen. Funston's detailed report of Aguinaldo's capture has been made public by the war department.

Last year foreign trade of the United States increased \$63,655,511.

THE EAST.

At the leading clearing houses in the United States the exchanges during the seven days ended on the 12th aggregated \$2,211,221,047, against \$2,042,272,610 the previous week. The increase compared with the corresponding week of last year was 401.

In the United States there were 205 business failures in the seven days ended on the 12th, against 204 the week previous and 196 the corresponding period of 1901.

On July 27 the battleship Maine will be launched from the Grampian shipyard at Philadelphia.

R. H. Newell, who obtained fame during the war by writing over the nom de plume of Orpheus C. Kerr, died at his home in New York, aged 65 years.

Massachusetts republicans will hold their state convention at Boston October 4.

R. G. Dan & Co. report general business active and feeling confident.

In the last race of the Newport series the Columbia defeated the Constitution and the Independence.

Frenzied by jealousy, Solomon Haas, of Wilberton, Pa., fatally shot his wife and himself.

In the National league the percentages of the baseball clubs for the week ended on the 14th were: Boston, .645; Chicago, .642; Baltimore, .595; Detroit, .551; Washington, .474; Philadelphia, .413; Cleveland, .385; Milwaukee, .332.

The president of the Amalgamated association ordered a strike in all the United States Steel corporation mills, affecting 75,000 men.

Carlisle D. Graham made his fifth trip through the Niagara rapids in a barrel.

F. McCroy, of Hallstead, Pa., declared he had discovered the lost Egyptian art of hardening copper.

At New Brunswick, N. J., a pastor offered free meals as an inducement to attend Sunday services.

In Syracuse, N. Y., John Tubbart, who had never been sick a day in his life, died suddenly at the age of 102 years.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Fire swept away a large part of business portion of Clear Lake, Ia.

Servant girls in Chicago have formed the Working Women's Protective association.

Further advices show that 19 persons lost their lives in the railway wreck near Norton, Mo.

The drought in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa has damaged crops to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars.

G. S. Hall, president of Clark university, declared at the teachers' convention in Detroit that higher education uplifted women for wifehood and motherhood.

Flames destroyed the business portion of Huntsville, Ill.

The governor of South Dakota has appointed Alfred K. Kittredge, of Sioux Falls, United States senator as successor to the late Senator Kyle.

Fire swept away 15 business buildings at Mountain View, Okla.

Fire destroyed one-half of the business portion of Cooper, Tex.

At Pekin, Ill., Edward Payne, a negro, was hanged for attempted assault upon Miss Duncan, a white woman.

Ex-Judge D. A. Russell, of Pomeroy, O., committed suicide at Cincinnati.

For a public library Andrew Carnegie has offered Leadville, Col., \$100,000.

Ex-Gov. Richard B. Hubbard, of Tex., and during President Cleveland's administration minister to Japan, died at Tyler.

The Chicago city directory of 1901 indicates that the population is 2,000,000.

Advices from all parts of the west indicate a serious condition of affairs on account of the long continued drought.

Flames at Springfield, Ill., destroyed business property valued at \$200,000.

At Springfield, Ill., Paul Hague, an aeronaut, was fatally injured, falling 200 feet.

From no cause known Judge James M. Sellers, one of the best known attorneys in Indiana, killed himself at Crawfordsville with poison.

James and Coleman Younger, who were granted a parole, were released from the Stillwater (Minn.) penitentiary.

Since its free admission to the United States the sugar product of the Hawaiian Islands has increased 2,600 per cent.

The followers of Bryan in Ohio have bolted the regular democratic state ticket and will put up another candidate.

At a picnic at Savannah, Ga., six persons were drowned.

Near Dowagiac, Mich., Horace Peters, who murdered Peter Smith, committed suicide on the spot where the crime was committed.

Twenty of an Epworth league party on the way to San Francisco were robbed of money and tickets at Colorado Springs.

Near St. Joseph, Mo., Robert Pragge killed his wife and himself.

Flames destroyed the business portion of Cook's Mills, Ill.

In church in Jefferson City, Mo., prayers were made for rain.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The death of General Federico Errazuriz, president of Chile, occurred in Buenos Ayres.

In Paris Santos Dumont made experiments with a new airship which was under perfect control and could be steered in any direction.

The Boers attacked a post of South African constabulary at Houtkoper, and were repulsed after they had killed three British.

During the first six months of 1901 Cuban tax collections were \$344,000.

It is likely that settlement of the remaining problems of the Chinese indemnity will be left to The Hague tribunal.

Flames at the West India docks in London caused a loss of \$1,000,000.

In Yokohama a monument to commemorate Commodore Perry's visit to that city in 1853 was unveiled.

Italy's king was forced to adopt a socialistic plan of rule to prevent grave danger to the monarchy.

British surprised a Boer camp and captured 29 leaders. President Steyn and Gen. DeWet were present, but escaped.

Throughout France the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

LATER NEWS.

Reports received at Pittsburgh from all sources connected with the strike of the steel workers indicate that the members of the Amalgamated association have matters well in hand and that the strike order generally had been obeyed.

British officers returning to London do not speak hopefully of the situation in South Africa. They assert that the railways are securely held, and that there are small zones around Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Johannesburg where it is impossible for inhabitants to settle down and resume their usual occupations without fear of disturbance.

A regular pitched battle and wholesale killing occurred between Mexicans and negroes, who are working on the new Rock Island extension in New Mexico, 100 miles west of Hereford, Texas. The trouble originated in the killing of a Mexican by a negro some weeks ago. Fifteen negroes were killed outright and several wounded. The casualties among Mexicans cannot be learned.

Manuel Armenta has been convicted at Casper, Wyo., of stealing sheep. He has been tried six times in Johnson county, four times in Fremont county and four times in Natrona county for larceny. In trials he has cost the different counties of the state \$100,000.

The steamer John S. Kimble arrived at Seattle from Nome, with twenty passengers and \$72,000 in gold from that district.

A pearl weighing 120 grains was found in the river at Lansing, Ia.

Large parts of the Russian empire are threatened with famine. No rain has fallen in the eastern provinces since early in June, and the temperature has been very high. It is believed the crops are largely beyond hope in many districts.

Carlisle D. Graham made his sixth successful voyage through the whirlpool rapids of Niagara in a barrel.

Six persons were drowned while sunbathing at a picnic near Savanna, Ga.

A telegram from San Juan announces the arrest of Ricardo Navares Riera, assistant postmaster at Narey, Porto Rico, for embezzling letters containing valuable inclosures.

A. L. Puls was taken from jail at Laurens, Ia., by a mob and given a wat of tar and feathers. He was charged with choking and beating his wife.

TECHNICALITIES OF THE LAW.

A divorce granted after the commission of a crime against a third person by a husband is held in state vs. Kodat (Mo.), 21 L. R. A. 262, not to make the former wife a competent witness against him respecting such crime or conversations with the husband during marriage.

A merchant who gives to a designated class of customers an opportunity to secure by lot or chance any article of value additional to that for which such customers have paid is held in Mejers vs. state (Ga.), 21 L. R. A. 436, to violate a penal statute against lotteries or other schemes or devices for hazarding money or any valuable thing.

A broker through whose efforts a bidding contract is made for land between his principal and the owner of the land is held in the case of Roche vs. Smith (Mass.), 21 L. R. A. 510, to make the former wife a competent witness against him respecting such crime or conversations with the husband during marriage.

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A statute of limitations on a demand certificate of deposit is held in Merriam vs. First National Bank (Ia.), 21 L. R. A. 410, to commence at the date of the certificate, since it is no more nor less than a promissory note; and the running of the statute is not interrupted by the death of the depositor, or by knowingly false representations by the bank amounting to a denial of liability.

A person seeking passage on an electric street car, who signals the car to stop and then attempts to cross the track to get on the proper side for boarding the car and is struck by it, is held in Walker vs. St. Paul City Railway company (Minn.), 21 L. R. A. 622, not to be guilty of negligence as matter of law, but to have a right to assume that proper signals will be regarded.

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BITS OF LOCAL GOSSIP

City and County Happenings.

Beers & Co. lead them all in clothing, shoes and hats.

For prices and style call on H. Lewis, the one price clothier.

T. C. Wood spent Sunday at Eagle River.

Mrs. A. J. Wilson and children are the guests of relatives at New Lisbon.

Mart Hirsch was over from Eagle River last Saturday on private business.

The quarantining on the residence of Richard Reed was raised last Friday morning.

Albert Broelette caught a twelve pound muskellunge at Lake George last Sunday.

A. O. Hilgermann, of the Rhinelander Brewing company, was a visitor at Woodland last Saturday.

L. J. Billings has purchased a new boat for use at his summer resort on the shores of Tomahawk Lake.

Will Letland, of Oshkosh, was an over Sunday visitor in the city, a guest at the home of G. W. Chatterton.

The ladies of the Congregational church are arranging to hold a rummage sale from the 11th till the 14th of Sept.

Mrs. H. A. Tuttle, of Hazelhurst, arrived in the city last Saturday to remain a few days the guest of her mother.

The North-Western road has put on another sleeper between Ashland and Chicago for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Mrs. N. A. Bell, the milliner, wishes to inform the ladies of Rhinelander that she will close out her entire line of summer goods at cost.

Mrs. G. W. Bishop was taken with a severe attack of indigestion, which was considerably relieved a few days. She is now much improved.

Chas. Morell, who has a position with the Woolruff & Maguire Lumber company at Three Lakes, spent Sunday here with his family.

Miss Elizabeth Baker, stenographer for the Brown Bros. Lumber company at Rhinelander, is visiting with Mrs. J. W. Zipp-Merrill News.

The Ladies Aid society of the Swedish Lutheran church will give an ice cream social on the lawn of E. Nelson on the north side, Saturday evening, July 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon, who went to Canada a few weeks ago to reside, mourn the death of their baby, which passed away on Wednesday of last week.

The best place in Northern Wisconsin to have a go is at Wausau. It will be better than ever on the 1st of August, the day of the big Woolman picnic.

Miss Nina Seger, of Grand Rapids, Wis., a niece of A. O. Jeune, of Woodboro, was a visitor in the city last Thursday. She was here again Saturday on her way home.

An Italian, with a hand organ and a monkey, was doing the town last Friday. He succeeded in picking up a large number of stray coins. It afforded much pleasure for the children.

For lady—Don't sleep too much; exercise, don't eat fast and sweets.

To reduce flesh rapidly take Rocky Mountain Tea. Acts directly on the fatty tissues. See J. J. Beardson.

For A. G. Wilson left last Saturday morning for Minneapolis, where he is to remain for a day or two. From there he went to Waseca, Minn., to attend the summer assembly. The reverend gentleman will be absent till the first week in August.

A searching party went out last Sunday to look for the body of Pat Brown, who was drowned in the Wisconsin river, two miles below the city a week ago yesterday. Dynamite was freely used in an effort to raise the body, but the effort was unsuccessful.

Isidore Schloen has entertained his brother Ben during the past week. Ben's home is in Detroit, Mich., though he is traveling for the Duro McCall company. Isidore and Ben are twin brothers and the family resemblance is so pronounced that it is hard to tell the boys apart.

Postmaster Parker received instructions the first of the week from the post office department to issue money orders hereafter on Canada, Cuba and the Philippines at the same rates as are charged in the United States.

Therefore, a money order for fifty cents sent to Canada cost the sender 10 cents, where under the new ruling it costs but 5 cents.

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If the North-Western road fails to appreciate the fact that it is discriminating against all the people of the Ashland division on their road by refraining from running a Sunday train up this way, perhaps it would be well for the people to tell them of it.

The "Sea" limited due here at 2:30 Saturday morning was nine hours late. The same train Monday morning was ten hours late. The delay was caused by a strike of the section hands on the Canadian side, which has been on for about two weeks.

The North-Western railroad is giving the people of this section their due in train service. That all the people living between Appleton and the Milwaukee should be deprived of Sunday travelling or mail service is a proposition不堪的 that the road should remedy the difficulty without any application.

The great demand for labor in the mills and other sources of employment of the city, has caused a number of the lake hands from the neighboring towns to work and reside here. It is remarkable that several new families are about to take up their abode here in the future, as soon as homes can be found. This we should think would be a good time for the erection of a few rentable cottages, by any enterprising citizen who feels safe to invest his money in the venture. The hotels about the city are crowded with families who have found it impossible to find a home in a suitable location, the heads, however, are forced to remain.

Leo Barnes left Friday morning for a visit of short duration at the home of relatives in Oshkosh.

C. W. Bosch, the Oshkosh representative for Armour & Co., was a Rhinelander visitor last Friday.

Frank Thelin, traveling salesman for the Yawker Lumber company, was a visitor in the city last Thursday.

A. W. Shelton and J. J. Beardson whipped the trout streams in the neighborhood of Durbrook last Friday and Saturday.

J. C. Spence of Antigo, was in the city Tuesday on his way home from Rice Lake, Wis., where he had been the guest of his mother.

Misses Ella Vetting and Anna Jenkins went down to Pelican Lake last Saturday to see what the prospects were for securing a school.

Mr. and Mrs. August Nagel, of Delano Lake, were visitors in the city, guests at the home of Mrs. Nagel's father, F. M. Mason, last Saturday.

J. H. Morgan was a visitor at Hazelhurst Junction last Friday on business connected with Armour & Co. He was accompanied by his son Gordon.

A couple of fellows from many Italy were picking up copper and nickel with the aid of a long pipe and a monkey last week. The coins they picked up were not a few.

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John Mentink, a farmer residing in the town of Woodson, ten miles northwest of Tomahawk Junction, was arrested on Thursday last on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The complaint was made by E. R. Brown, a neighbor. The following day the prisoner was ushered in to court to answer to the charge and was set \$50.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Flynn and family, of Rhinelander, arrived in the city Wednesday evening, to visit with his brothers, Matt and Jas. Ryan, and sisters, Mrs. Henry Rindling and Miss Nellie Ryan, for a week or more. Mr. Ryan is located at Schofield, the manager, where he has charge of the shipment of a quantity of lumber. Since coming to this city a little daughter has been taken down with scarlet fever.—Stevens Point Gazette.

An informal inspection of Co. L. of this county was conducted Monday evening by Hugh E. Pomeroy, major of the 2nd Regt., W. N. G. and T. B. Beveridge, sergeant of the same regiment, both of Appleton. The inspecting officers found the company in excellent shape and spoke in very complimentary terms of the discipline. The local militia boys are doing some active practice work preparatory to their week of camp life from the 2d to the 11th of August.

H. C. Bragger, now occupies the residence in the Fifth ward, which he recently purchased. Since passing it to his hand, the structure has been greatly improved and remodeled, and a fine up-to-date two story residence now stands on the site of the cottage of former days. We must admit that Henry is a man endowed with a certain amount of enterprise that counts in any community.

Emil Breitkreutz, of Wausau, won the national intercollegiate championship gold medal in the mile run at Buffalo last Friday in 4:52. Breitkreutz is only 17 years of age, and has not an unusual physique, but by two years' persistent training he made himself captain of the Wausau High school track team and was the first star in the Madison Intercollegiate meet this year.

A dispatch to the daily press from Antigo under date of Friday, July 12th, says: Max Vogel set a gun record over 100 feet on his farm near Arlava. Yesterday he walked into his own trap and received a bullet from his rifle, piercing arms and legs. He lost the first and second fingers of both hands and the bullet went through the large muscle of the thigh. He will probably live.

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FINERY AND FUSS.

The women folks are finery for a weddin', as the old song goes. The bride is here, it's only natural for the "muss" of broider thread a-slyin' on the door an' alkin' scuffin' to the carpet of the swain's woman's lips. The drowsy bairns are fast for our daughter's weddin' day. An' her wad'rin' called a trousseran' will be a swain granddaddy says. There's no such thing as round as criss as a loon. When I married Mamie's mother in the golden month of June.

I cannot help asthrinkin' when these ruff things I see. The women folks a-makin' which they say's a lingerie. All need up with embroidery an' tuck'd around with lace. In her mother's clothes assortment them things never had a place. Of course, like I say 'em, it's satisfyin' to think our girl can have all such like folks that's willin' to do. But with much less we entered on a happy life's forenoon. When I married Mamie's mother in the golden month of June.

They've been there the doctor an' have all arrangements made. For flowers, palms an' orchids—quite a fancy price they paid. A stylish preacher's boy tragedie'd tie the knot. An' all in all, it seems to me that nothin's been forgot. We didn't have no flowers, but our life's been one of bliss. We had a glairn of person when the bride girded with a kiss. But two lives were slightly blighted as the hearts were ached. When I married Mamie's mother in the golden month of June.

—Ray Farrel Green, in Brooklyn Life.

THE PROOF OF LOVE

By Elliott Flower.

(Copyright, 1900, by Elliott Flower)

THE parish priest was reputed to be a good man and a wise one, but strict in his interpretation of the word of God. In worldly matters he was generous and kind-hearted, but in spiritual affairs he held closely to the letter of the law, and those who had offended against the church, however so slightly, he then shamed him. His manner at times was forbidding and his questions searching, but a spirit of justice pervaded all his acts and gave him an extraordinary power over his parishioners.

It was his reputation for justice that made the young woman anxious to see him; it was his reputation for severity and strictness in all church



"THERE CAN BE NO EXCUSES," SAID THE PRIEST.

matters that made her hesitate on the threshold. She had a pretty face, but the imprint of sorrow was upon it. Scarcey more than 25 years of age, her black dress and veil proclaimed her already a widow, and her whole manner as she approached the priest showed her to be a devout Roman Catholic—a woman to whom the church was almost life itself.

"Father," she said at last, hesitating and pronouncing the words slowly, "I have sinned to confess—a dreadful sin."

"You can be guilty of no dreadful sin, daughter," he returned, kindly. "Your grief has overburdened your mind and you exaggerate your own faults. That is a failing few have," he added with a sigh, "but it has always been so with you daughter; always so since—"

"You do not know, father," she interrupted. "You speak before you know what I would say. I have been guilty of the sin of lying."

"A sin that is lightly thought of in this world," he said, with a shake of his head. "But you mean no harm; it was a thoughtless, hasty act."

"No, father," she corrected; "it was done purposely. It was a lie deliberately told in the presence of death. It was a lie solemnly sworn to while you were in the next room waiting to deliver the last sacrament."

She spoke quietly but impressively, while the priest's face assumed an expression, first of doubt, and then of severity.

"There is no atonement for it," she went on, more quickly; "there can be no atonement for it! Nothing can excuse a lie sworn to before Almighty God!"

"There can be no excuse," said the priest, slowly, "but there can be forgiveness. Tell me about it, daughter. You could not have lied to your husband, to one you loved."

"I did not love him, father," she broke in hastily, almost passionately. "I did not love him."

"My child, think what you are saying."

"I did not love him," she repeated with deliberation. "I loved him once—*you*, who have known me from childhood, know how I loved him once—but love died, father, love died of neglect."

"He was kind to you," said the priest, half questioningly.

"Yes; he was kind to me, but I could have stood crusty when I could not stand neglect. He was kind to me, but he left me to myself; he died of neglect."

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The Oldest, Largest and Best Advertising Medium in Oneida County.

VOLUME 19, NO. 23.

Was

At Hobson's Crossing

By Roland J. Dodd.

Original Fiction. Reprinted by permission.

THE section boss, with a brown jug in his hand, was coming slowly down the track, stepping heavily from tie to tie, and pausing often to examine some fancied defect in rail or sleeper. Finally he arrived at the station, and, seating himself on the baggage truck beside the Man, drew his brown, corded arms across his face.

"Tis a warm day we're havin'," he said.

The operator took his pipe from his mouth and spat contemptuously on the ground. "Warm!" he exclaimed. "You don't call this warm, do you?"

"It may not be warm sittin' here in the shade wid nothin' to do," answered the boss, "but just come out and try yer hand at liftin' ties in the sun. Well, I must be fillin' me jug."

He arose and went slowly across the track and up the sandy road toward his house. The operator watched him until he disappeared within the door. Closing his eyes, the operator tried in vain to express to himself his utter contempt of Hobson's Crossing and of the \$30 a month which he received for enduring its heat and the deadly loneliness of the long, silent days. Unconsciously he formed his thoughts into the words of a letter: "Dear Sir: I wish, if you can find nothing better for me than this situation, to tender you my resignation from the position of operator at Hobson's Crossing. I will remain here until you can send a man to relieve me."

On the bench inside the office, a rounder, ancient and dirt-encrusted, sputtered at periodical intervals. As the Man listened to its mutterings, he became aware of a conversation which was being carried on over the wire.

"Do you love me, Daisy, dear?" asked the sounder.

"Yes, George, you know I do. What makes you ask?"

"I just wanted to know, Daisy, dear."

It was the smart Western Union operator in Chicago who was making the crippled old sounder at Hobson's Crossing scratch and squeak with his clean-cut, rapid Morse. The Man at Hobson's became suddenly interested.

He arose, and going into the little office, skillfully adjusted the screws and drew up the spring of the machine, so that the letters came in a clear and steady hum. This was the kind of stuff the Man loved to hear, for he himself was an adept with the key, and in his happier days had mastered the mysteries of the Associate Press code. Love passed in streaks and dashes over the wire. The Chicago operator's style was clear, sharp and beautiful. The girl up in Rochester strove to imitate it, but with indifferent success. Her style lacked the dash of the master hand. As the Man at Hobson's listened his fingers itched to take the key and once more make the sounder purr as in his happier days. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He looked at the clock. It was 3:15, and the Chicago operator would go off duty at four o'clock.

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the Man, bringing down his fist on the bench.

The next quarter of an hour he spent in adjusting the screws of the heavy old brass key. He took out the lever, rubbed the dust off it with his handkerchief, and polished the platinum points till they shone. Then he put back the lever and carefully turned the screws until he could just see the light between the points of contact. At five minutes past four he opened the key and said, softly: "Hello, Daisy, dear."

"Yes, George."

"Do you love me still?" whizzed the old brass key.

"Gracious, George!" said the girl. "Don't send so fast; you frighten me."

"I'm not sending fast," hummed the Man. "I couldn't send slower than this if I tried. I just wanted to tell you, Daisy, that I think you're just about the nicest girl that ever."

"Why don't you ever come up to see me, then?" fished the girl. "You've been saying such things as that for the last six months; you're agreed to come half a dozen times, but you never come. Now, George, you listen to me. If you don't come up next Sunday, as you agreed, I'll never speak another word to you on this wire. So, there!"

Leaning back in his chair, the Man looked at the pile of ties on the other side of the track and wondered if the operator in Chicago intended to go up to Rochester next Sunday. Probably not. Those city operators were impudent chaps, and to the best of them four or five dollars car fare would be a good deal of an obstacle, even in the path of love. The Man at Hobson's Crossing thought hard. Here was a situation which required all his powers of diplomacy. This invitation must be accepted, or he would lose his chance of keeping in practice for the Associated Press job he had in view. It did not take the Man long to make up his mind.

"TU come up next Sunday on the nine o'clock train," he told the girl.

but don't say anything about it on the wire. The boys here in the office would be mad if they knew."

Then he wired the superintendent: "Please send me a pass to Rochester and return."

The church bells were ringing and the people were going to church as the Man stepped off the train at Rochester on the following Saturday morning. He had never been there before. The place was small, he noted, but it was a paradise when compared to the horrible sand hole he had lately left. The air was cool and sweet, and after the death-like stillness of Hobson's Crossing, the sound of the church bells was sweet music in his ears. The man promenaded jauntily up and down the platform. He was tall and slim, and a very good-looking fellow when, as on this occasion, he was shaved and arrayed in his best. Soon he caught sight of a familiar object—a blue Western Union lever over a window in the station. Through this window he saw a girl leading. She had curly brown hair and a pretty face. Bathfulness not being one of the man's failings, he brushed a few specks of dust from his clothes, gave his blonde mustache a final twirl and presented himself at the window of the telegraph office.

He was about to say: "Hello, Daisy," but he did not say it. There was something about the girl that caused him instead to lift his hat and stammer: "Is Miss—" he stopped in confusion.

The girl laughed. "My name is Daisy," she said, "and yours is George, isn't it? I thought you never were coming."

The Man noticed that her hands were very small and white, and that she had big brown eyes.

At first they talked on telegraphic matters, chiefly. The girl asked him a great many questions concerning the big office in Chicago, all of which the Man answered unblushingly. He even ventured certain remarks about "that guy at Hobson's Crossing."

"It must be hard to work in such a busy place," said she.

"It is hard," replied the Man. "But then, we get used to it, you see."

Later, as they walked about the village, the girl pointed out to him the principal buildings of the place—the courthouse, the town hall, the public library.

"Do you know," she said, "You look just as I imagined you did. You're tall and slim, just as I knew you'd be. I like tall people. I suppose it's because I'm so small myself."

The girl glanced up shyly into the face of the Man and continued: "I suppose you're disappointed with me?"

As the Man was boarding the train later in the afternoon, the girl handed him a photograph. "This is the picture I promised you so long ago," she said. "Good-bye, George." She stood waving her handkerchief until the train passed out of sight.

The Man placed the photograph on the bench behind the old sounder at Hobson's Crossing. He lived in a kind of dream and looked often at the picture. It rested his eyes, weary with gazing across the track at the desolate waste of stumps beyond.

One day he sat on the baggage truck, holding in his hand a typewritten letter. As he read it for the fourth time he heard the sounder say:

"Daisy, dear."

"Yes, George."

"Do you love me still?"

"Yes, George, you know I do."

"Honestly?"

"Truly."

At this point the Man at Hobson's Crossing reached through the open window and pulled a small brass plug out of the little switchboard. The sounder was silent. When he reinserted the plug the Chicago operator was gone. The Man at Hobson's opened the key and said: "Daisy."

"What is it, George?"

"I've got something to tell you. Are you ready to hear it?"

"Yes."

"Daisy," said the Man, "I am going to leave this wire. I am going to work for the A. P." He paused.

"I've got something else to say, Daisy," he went on, after a moment, "but I guess I ought to say g. b. first. You won't speak to me after I've told you." He wiped the perspiration from his brow and continued deliberately: "I'm a fake, Daisy." Then he waited in suspense for her answer.

"What kind of a fake, George. There are different kinds, you know."

"Daisy," said the Man, "this is no time to joke. I say I'm a fake. You think I'm that fellow down in Chicago, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Well, I ain't."

"Where are you, then?"

The Man passed his sleeve across his damp brow and sent the dread words: "Hobson's Crossing!"

For a moment the sounder was silent. Then it said: "Why, you stupid, did you think that would make any difference?"

The Man was sitting on the baggage truck in front of the telegraph office at Hobson's Crossing. Down the track, toward where the section gang was working, the heat rose in curling columns from the rails. The leaves withered, and the paint on the station blistered and swelled. A death-like stillness reigned over Hobson's Crossing. But neither the stillness nor the heat nor the flies could depress the Man's spirits, for beside him on the baggage truck were his leather dress-suit case and a canvas trunk. He took from his pocket the photograph of the girl at Rochester and gazed upon it until away off down the track, an engine whistled. Then he put a green flag in the iron socket beside the window of the telegraph office. The operator who had been sent to take the Man's place came out of the station to say farewell. The Man stood on the rear platform as the train went out and waved his hand to the newcomer, who was seated disconsolately on the truck.

"Poor devil," he muttered.

Age Does Not Improve.

Catawba, O., has fallen off in population from 272 to 231 in the last ten years. The Ohio variety of Catawba, remarks the Chicago Tribune, does not improve with age.

North Carolina Then and Now.

In 1870 North Carolina ranked third in population of all the states. Now she ranks fifteenth.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Luminous.—"Don't you consider him a particular luminous quantity in politics?" "Luminous," echoed Senator Sorgenti. "I should say so. He has money to burn."—Washington Star.

Nurse—"Listen, baby, to the donkey braying. What a noise he is making! Naughty donkey." Little Girl—"Oh, what a shame, nurse! He isn't a naughty donkey. He's only got the hiccups!"—Punch.

Houskeeper—"You needn't ask me for any cold victuals, for I haven't any." Weary Willie—"All right, ma'am—a couple o' soft-boiled eggs, a broiled steak and a cup o' coffee'll do."—Philadelphia Record.

Well Meant.—Rimer—"Yes, my son, come back from 'Scribbler's' with the usual printed slip." Chimera—"Why don't you try the 'Wayne Magazine'? They print some awfully rotten stuff."—Philadelphia Press.

It Was Mutual.—"Bridget, I didn't like the looks of that man you were entertaining in the kitchen last evening." "Shure, an' the same's i' you, ma'am." "E said it how'e 'e wondered Oi could worruk fer th' scippy thing 'e took yest' be."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Father," he said, "do you think I would be justified in getting married on an income of \$15 per week?" "Papa—"Why, you young prodigate, you never earned a penny in your life." "Son—"No, but I can marry that handsome typewritten girl that works for you."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Father," he said, "do you think I would be justified in getting married on an income of \$15 per week?"

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"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel down on your stomach to say her prayers."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Hide-Bound.—Acre—"What are you so down upon the English for?" Cassidy—"Why shouldn't I? Look at the stories they do be tellin' about them." "Acre"—"Yes, but they tell stories about the Irish, too, which you say are lies." Cassidy—"Aye! all the lies they tell about the English are true."—Philadelphia Press.

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An almanac 234 years old has just been sold in Boston for \$125. It was printed for the year 1667 by Samuel Green in Cambridge.

According to the official census figures the population of the United States one year ago was 76,033,337, a gain in ten years of 12,937,009, or 20.7 per cent. It is now, according to the same ratio, over 77,600,000.

WONDERFUL CASE IN INDIANA.

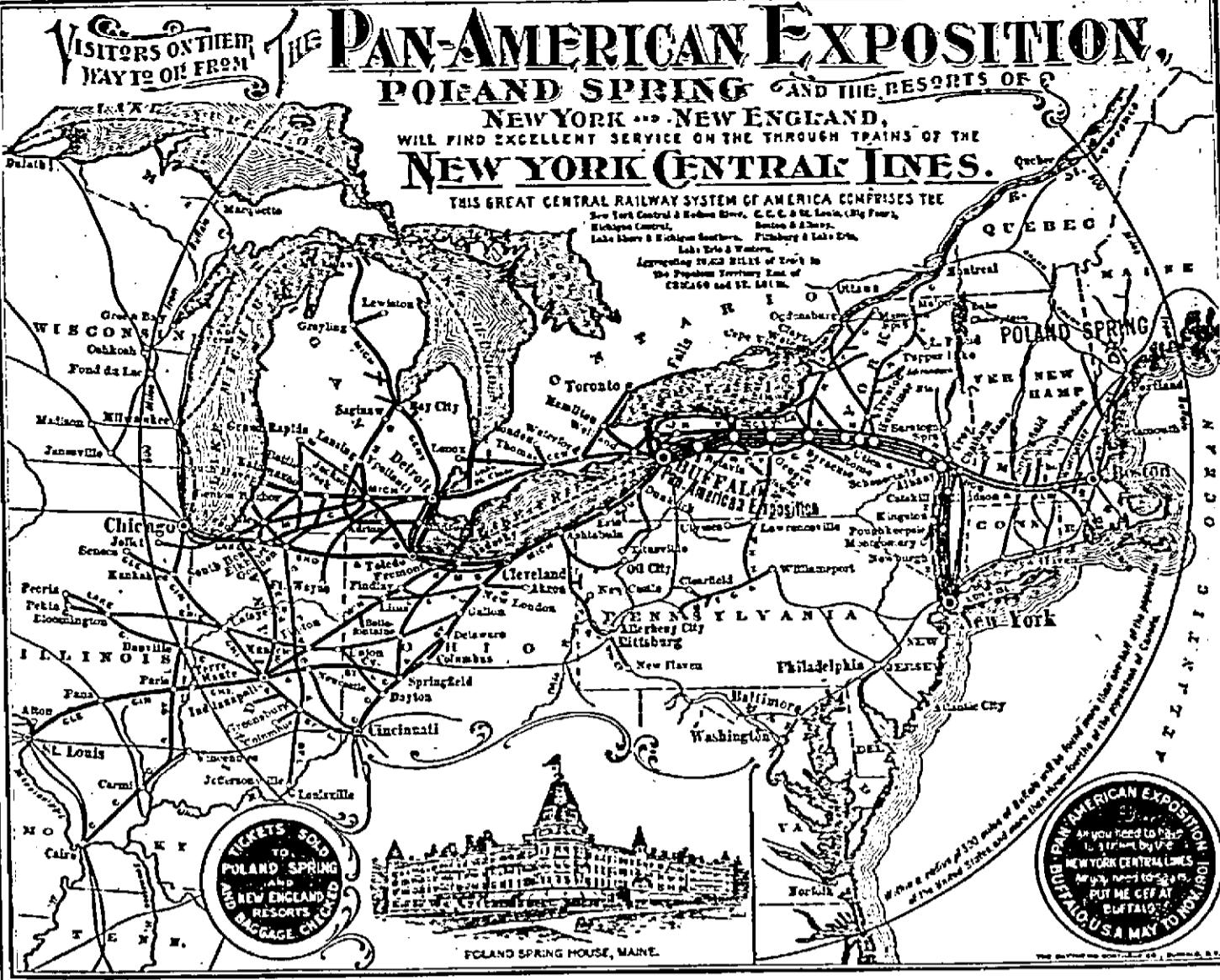
Buck Creek, Ind., July 15th.—Mrs. Elizabeth Rorick, of this place, had rheumatism. She says: "All the doctors told me they could do nothing for me." She was very, very bad, and the pain was so great that she could not sleep at night.

She used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and she is well and entirely free from pain or any symptom of the rheumatism.

"Are you still using Dodd's Kidney Pills?" was asked.

"No, I stopped the use of the Pills some time ago, and have not had the slightest return of my old trouble. I am sure I am completely and permanently cured."

Many in Tippecanoe County, who have heard of Mrs. Rorick's case and her cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are using the Pills, and all report wonderful results.



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TOPICS OF INTEREST.

Low Rates to Encircle the North-Western Line.

From Minneapolis and St. Paul: \$10.50—Return limit, ten days.

\$11.50—Return limit, fifteen days.

\$20.50—Return limit, Oct. 31.

Tickets, illustrated pamphlets and all information at city ticket offices: 422 Robert street, St. Paul; 412 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; or address T. W. Teagle, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Mamma—"How did you know that the lady was not the little boy's mamma, Johnny?" Johnny—"She gave him a red pie and a piece of pie, and he did not ask for it either."—Boston Transcript.

The judgment of the girl who sits singing for a career while her mother does the housework is in need of mending.—West Spring.

A man's struggle with his hair doesn't end until he gets bald; a

THE FRENCH-IRISH.

Many of them have been titled and prominent personages in the history of France.

France, with its MacMahons, O'Neills, O'Carrolls and Nugents, possess many Irish names. The Bon-Temper movement introduced to us Count Dillon, in whose gardens the Fliequet duel was fought. Most of the Franco-Irish, though 200 years may have passed since their ancestors left our shores, have preserved a great affection for Ireland, and each St. Patrick's Day sees a certain number of them united to celebrate the feast of Ireland's patron saint. I had the pleasure of being present at one of these "Diners de St. Patrick," under the presidency of Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, a charming nobleman, who claims descent from Owen Roe O'Neill, says a writer in *Guinness's Magazine*.

Among Irish names in France I may mention Chabrolle de Ballyhogue, MacGeekin de St. Malo, MacMonaghans, O'Quin d'Eichspare (formerly mayor of Paris), Harry de Ferriolles, Hardey-Hickey (who shows his Irish origin by editing the principal comic paper in Paris, the *Triplette*). There are a few names with the prefix "O," and it is hard to know how they came by it. There is a Baron O'Farrell de la Grange and a Comtesse O'Poer, and I have also seen a list of students O'Deane and O'Flanigan. These are in no distinguished, of course, from such names as O'gurra, O'Malley, O'Dea, O'Sullivan, etc. Your average Frenchman takes the bearing of a name with an "O" or "Mac" as a rule.

HOW FLIES MULTIPLY.

Their increase limited only by the amount of food accessible to them.

Fly time is here, and the English scientists, through their eminent Lacaze, have been giving some timely thought to the infliction and warning people against the pestilence. It is admitted that disease is carried by them, and the public is warned to destroy flies.

Flies multiply at a prodigious rate. Given a temperature sufficiently high to hatch the eggs, their numbers are only limited by the amount of food available for them. Humans are irritated with the saying that three meat flies, by reason of their rapid multiplication, would consume a dead horse quicker than would a lion, and the fact that certain gnats having some outward resemblance to the honey bee lay their eggs in the dead carcasses of animals probably led Samson and Virgil to make erroneous statements with regard to the genesis of honey and the manufacture of bees.

In three weeks it seems probable that a female fly might have some 600,000 descendants in the course of a hot summer. Other varieties of flies multiply still more rapidly.

As flies multiply upon and in organic refuse of every kind, it is obvious that the sooner such refuse is placed where it cannot serve for the feeding and hatching of flies the more likely is the plague of flies to be lessened.

New John Bull From France.

Chinese servant stories are epidemic. Here's one, and it's true:

A wretched woman a few days ago was boasting to a card of the virtues of her Moorish cook, and she emphasized the latter's systematic methods as his special strong point.

"John Bull's a bit work at precisely the same minute every evening," said she proudly. "I always know exactly where he is, and what he is doing at any time of the day."

"Well, what is he doing now?" was asked.

"Let me see. It is 7 o'clock. Well, he has just finished putting the dishes away and at this moment is sweeping the kitchen floor. Come, let's go out and see if I'm right."

They started through the dining room and found everything in perfect order. In the pantry the dishes were neatly arranged in their customary place. Then they opened the kitchen door.

There in the center of the room was John, and he was complacently washing himself in the dishpan.

The embarrassed mistress and her contrite guest retired to the kitchen, and the recent problem was dropped.

Andersen's Children's Varsity.

"Hans Christian Andersen," call me who saw him often, "was the most charming of all I ever knew." When the Danish-born prince brought home his Swedish love in the summer of 1902, a great multitude of people stood in the streets of Copenhagen to see the royal couple pass.

In one group were several distinguished women and the great story teller, Hans Christian Andersen. The women occupied front seats at the window and received marked attention from the court dignitaries in the procession.

Some one in the company remarked that this particular woman seemed to possess peculiar attractions.

"Oh, yes," said the aristocrat, pleased and happy in his seat, "where he had been seen by nobody. 'Everybody knows me!'

The quick smile that went round the group had no trace of malice in it. His childish vanity was one of the amiable traits of the gentle old man. Every body knew and liked him.

The Population of Babylon.

Various attempts have been made, by comparing it with that of modern cities, to estimate the population of Babylon. But on the lowest calculation it would be found, supposing it to have borne any considerable resemblance to one of our cities, to have had a population of 2,000,000, a population to which all but insuperable obstacles are opposed. The map of Asia Minor shows that the extent of country around Babylon available for agricultural purposes must have been quite inadequate to supply the necessary demands for anything like such an immense population.

Perhaps, on the whole, we may estimate the population at from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000. The acquisition derives support from the fact that Nisibis, with a population of 600,000 souls, is stated by Strabo and Pliny to have been about half the size of Babylon in the days of his greatest glory.

Irving and the Impression. Irving was always severely accurate. Shortly before he put on the "Merchant of Venice" he inquired of a brother actor if he could supply some stage "business" for the part of Shylock. The actor being like Shylock, a Jew, thought he might, and asked Irving how he meant to do the "Impression scene," which occurs upon Shylock discovering that Jessica has fled with Lorenzo and the jewelry of her late mother, Mrs. Shylock.

Irving knelt in his hands prayer-like and recited the terrible Impression. "I would my daughter were dead at my feet and the jewels in her ears,"

Then the actor, saying he was wrong, Irving rejoined that he had followed the stage direction in the book, and that all the best Shylocks do it.

The Kean, Brooke, Richter and Phelps.

"Yes," said the actor, "but they were all Christians. A Jew in Impressing never kneels, but stands upright, passing his open hand over his face."

Irving adopted the hint.

Soon afterward a well known London solicitor, also a Jew, who had seen the new version, told the actor in question that he had not before been aware that Irving was "one of us," and he refused to believe the contrary.—*Leader Monthly*.

Family Prayers at the Jenkinses'. A Harlem woman recently decided that family prayers were really necessary to the proper bringing up of her young son Johnnie. Mr. Jenkins, nominal head of the family, didn't exactly see the necessity, but, of course, yielded to his wife. The next morning after breakfast the Jenkinses assembled in the sitting room with a feeling of suppressed excitement at the novel proceedings. After the Scriptural reading they knelt beside a long sofa. Mr. Jenkins at one end, Mrs. Jenkins in the other and Johnnie in the middle. Then Mr. Jenkins offered up a prayer invoking the divine presence.

Jenkins' prayer was long and fervent.

After it had continued for five minutes Johnnie got restless, decided it was too monotonous and interrupted in his thin, boyish voice with:

"Yes, Dad; come and stay to dinner!"

Mr. Jenkins concluded his invocation with an abrupt "Amen." Johnnie safely out of the way, he strangely remarked to his wife, "That's the limit!"

Family prayers have been abandoned at the Jenkinses'.—*New York Times*.

Fishing Hooks.

Fishing Hooks are as old as Adam made of stone, bone, thorns and any old thing, not to mention deer horn and bears' tusks. The bronze hook of the bronze age was succeeded by the hook of iron. The aborigines of Columbia used gold hooks, while the ancient people of Peru made theirs of copper. The bronze hook of today is considered an expensive luxury. For years the most important of all bronze manufacture was Limerick, Ireland. But the once popular Limerick has been superseded by several styles of American made that are not only much cheaper, but are not inferior. As for the rods—well, we have them from two and one-half ounces up to ten pounds, and some of them can be tied in bow-knots. Of course our lines are unequalled.—*New York Press*.

Wild Zebras.

The zebra when wild is a ferocious animal, and an unwary hunter is likely to suffer from its teeth and hoofs. The author of "Kloof and Karroo" says that a Boer in Cape Colony had once forced a zebra to the brink of a precipice, when the desperate creature turned upon him, attacked him with its teeth and actually tore one of his feet from the leg.

Another author writes of a soldier who mounted a half domesticated zebra. The creature, after nailing the most furious attempts to get rid of its rider, plunged over a steep bank into the river and threw the soldier as it emerged.

While the man lay half stunned upon the ground the zebra quietly walked up to him and bit off one of his ears.

The Penalty of Being Late.

Idleness is at the bottom of the drunkenness, gluttony and sensuality which compass the destruction of one section of the community at the present time. It is at the bottom of that particular form of heartache which is the plague of women—the heartache of a purposeless, miserable existence. Such women often look forward to marriage to cure them, but when they are married and settled the old malady recurs, and in our own day we see them running hither and thither after that elusive something. Others try to find a cure in the surface and others again in cigarettes.—*Sarah Grand*.

A Bell That Never Rang.

A curious legend is that connected with the bell of St. Mera, in Ireland. The bell was said to have descended from the sky ringing loudly, but as it approached the earth the tongue detached itself and returned to the skies. The people concluded from this that the bell was never to be profaned by sounding on earth, but was to be kept for purposes more holy and benevolent.

An Act of Gratitude.

A gentleman stated the life of a clothes dealer who had been captured in a boat. The latter was profane in his thanks and said to his rescuer: "I see that you have spoiled your clothes on this auspicious occasion. Allow me to take the opportunity of handing you my business card. Ten thousand elegant summer suits at \$5 marks!"—*Elle*—*Rede Blaier*.

Light on a Great Question.

"It is my opinion," said one sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"You," answered the other, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."—*Washington Star*.

Treasures.

"I'm so tired," she sighed to the woman next door.

"What do?"

"I've been the last four hours at the photographer's having an instantaneous picture of the baby taken."—*Exchange*.

Howitzers are steel breech-loading weapons weighing 2,500 pounds and having a length of 6 feet 10 inches.

A Shock to Richard. Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, closed alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened at last, and he stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eyes.

"Did you see papa, Richard?" she asked with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

"Yes, dearest," he said at length.

"And what did he say, Richard?"

"I told him what I said." He refused her kiss.

"Oh, my eyes tell me! He refused me!"

"Yes, dearest," he said at length.

"And what did he say, Richard?"

"I told him what I said." He refused her kiss.

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